# The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

By James R. Morris. WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1845. Volume I. Number 51.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY J. R. MORRIS.

TERMS:—$1,50 per annum in advance; $2,00 if paid within six months; $2,50 if paid within the year, and $3,00 if payment be delayed until after the expiration of the year.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the editor, until all arrears are paid.

☞ All communications sent by mail must be post-paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates


## POETRY.

### A PSALM OF NIGHT.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

Fades from the west the farewell light
Flung backward by the setting sun,
And silence deepens as the night
Steals with its solemn shadows on!
Gathers the soft refreshing dew
On springing grass and flowret stems—
And lo! the everlasting blue
Is radiant with a thousand gems!

Not only doth the voiceful day
Thy loving kindness, Lord, proclaim—
But night, with its sublime array
Of worlds, doth magnify thy name!
Yea—while adoring seraphim
Before thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up unceasingly to thee!

Day unto day, doth utter speech,
And night to night thy voice makes known
Through all the earth where thought may reach,
It heard the glad and solemn tone;
And worlds beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached the human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar,
That rolls along immensity!

O, Holy Father! 'mid the calm
And stillness of the evening hour,
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm
To praise thy goodness and thy power!
For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On thee, our father and our friend!

Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour—
Night o'er us, with its stars, we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore!
In grief consule—in gladness bless—
In darkness guide—in sickness cheer—
Till in the Saviour's righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE TRAPPER.

A LEGEND OF THE WEST.

On the shores of the Hudson, in times long since passed away, an isolated being lived, bearing the name of Nick Wolsey. His solitary home was in a valley of the highlands, about a mile from the river's bank, and his occupation consisted in hunting and trapping, and trading for furs with the Indians. He was tall and gaunt, with a peculiar stern and even melancholy expression of feature, and, from his lonely gloomy habits, seemed to claim no kith nor kindred with any living creature. The only companion of his hours was a grizzly deer-hound, whose speed and strength often overmatched the fleetest buck; and once he closed with a silver panther, and despite the monster's furious struggle tore the windpipe from his throat. Crouched before the fire, in the log cabin, he would watch each move and gesture of his master, and be as ready as his shadow to obey his beck and look.

Thus the year had come and gone, and still found no change in the trapper's home.

One day a party of Indians of the Mohawk tribe approached his dwelling and proffered skins in exchange for the white man's fire water and gunpowder. Among them was a girl of singular beauty and with her Nick Wolsey became suddenly and deeply enamored. As he looked at her full, round and faultless form, his eyes flashed with the fire in his veins, and the volcano of passion burst through each fibre of his frame. No sooner was this feeling engendered, than he strove to win the brawny skin—as many a fair one has been won—by pouring gifts into her lap; and long before a cessation of his profuseness took place, dozens of strings of beads were twined around her arms and neck, and rings and baubles of all kinds bedizened her person. Then the whiskey flask was offered gratuitously to the company, and Nick's suit progressed with the brightness and velocity of a skyrocket. In a short time, a demand was made for the red man's daughter, accompanied by a present of a hatchet and knife to the father and a willing consent obtained.

A chief, whose fiery glance showed the effect of the potent drum, bent his bow, and winged an arrow perpendicularly to the clouds, and as it drove into the earth quivering with the force, directed the trapper to remain by the side of the weapon. Then he shot one some hundred yards, in a direct line, and then the expectant bride was conducted to the spot where it fell by the father and her friends. A third was driven to the ground, a few feet from where she stood, and the chief, who acted as priest in the ceremony, addressed Nick Wolsey, by saying as he again pointed an arrow upwards—

"If my white brother would win the bird, he must catch her ere she gains her nest;" and drawing his bow, the arrow twanged from the string, and away rushed the trapper at the signal. For a brief second the coquette seemed resolved to reach the goal which would have freed her from her plighted faith; but stopping suddenly in her rapid path, she turned on her heel, and threw herself with a ringing laugh, into Nick's outstretched arms.

A shout of triumph announced the success of his suit; and to all, save *one*, the completion appeared to give great satisfaction. This was an Indian youth, an undeclared lover of the trapper's bride. In secret he had worshipped the idol of his affection, trusting that time would enable him to gain the prize, and when his hope seemed ripening, he saw her thus suddenly lost to him, and lost forever.

"May the Great Spirit strengthen my arm!" said he, dashing forward, with all his savage nature roused within him; and like a tiger springing upon his prey, he was about burying his knife between the shoulders of the unsuspecting trapper, when backwards he went to the earth as if a whistling bullet had rushed through his brain, in the strong grip of Nick's deer-hound.

"Halloa!" exclaimed the trapper, releasing his wife from an embrace resembling a grizzly bear in tenderness, "Why, what's this about, eh?"

The drawn knife in the fallen Indian's grasp, and his ferocious aspect revealed the causes of the dog's unexpected attack, who continued to pin him firmly to the ground in his torturing hold.

"Art jealous man?" said Nick laughing, and bestowing a kick of no gentle force on his prostrate enemy. "Art jealous?" And lifting him from the earth, and snatching the blade from him, he cuffed him, among the jibes and jeers of his tribe, far away from the scene of his discomfiture.

Months rolled away. The maple leaf wore the brown tint of scorching autumn, and Nick Wolsey was a rough but doating father. Upon returning from examining his traps, late one evening, he was somewhat astonished, and not a little vexed, at his wife's neglecting to meet him according to her wonted custom, some short distance from the log cabin.

"Where is Minamee, I wonder?" said he, striding towards the door; and as he reached the threshold, he stumbled heavily against something laid across it. Upon stooping to ascertain the cause he discovered the lifeless body of his faithful dog.

"Minamee," he shouted with stentorian lungs. "Sea and earth! how did this happen, Minamee, I say?"

"Hush!" exclaimed a voice in a whisper, "hush you'll wake my child."

"Wake your child!" repeated he, hearing her nestling her infant to her bosom, as he threw open the door, "Wake your ——" the sentence was unfinished. Fell horror petrified him with the sight that presented itself; his lower jaw dropped and his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets; the warm blood curdled in his veins, and the checked pulse ceased its throbbing. Sitting before the hearth on the floor, there was the young mother, bearing marks of cruel violence in her features and her disordered dress, and pressing to her breast the headless trunk of her infant. Pale was her countenance; and the fixed, glassy stare betokened madness in all its horrid form.

"Say," screamed the trapper, rushing to the side of his demented wife—"say how—who has done this?"

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed he—she's daft, gone wild, mad!" and scarcely less so himself; the strong, bold hunter howled in his misery.

For days he was unable to learn the particulars of the terrible catastrophe. At length a change took place in the benighted reason of his wife; but, like the remaing spark in the charred ember, it was the last effort of the mind ere death expunged its miseries.

It appeared that at sunset, Minamee was preparing to set out to meet her husband, after rolling her little charge in a robe of buffalo-skin, and placing him on his bed of straw, when the long shadow of a man was cast suddenly into the entrance, and as quickly disappeared. The deer-hound sprung from the floor, on which he had been lying, and, as he leaped to the doorway, followed by his mistress, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the noble animal fell dead at her feet. In an instant afterwards, the form of an Indian, whom Minamee at once recognised as the foiled assassin at her marriage, bounded into the cabin, and, despite the mother's furious struggles; clutched her child from its little couch, and brandishing his knife with savage yells, severed the head from its body.

"There," said he, pitching the corpse towards the frantic mother, "is my revenge. Blood to the red man's wrong is as water to fire. I am satisfied. Farewell!" and turning upon his heel, he quitted the spot, like one who had accomplished a noble deed, with a slow and haughty footfall.

The hitherto happy and contented home of the trapper was now desolated. It was a long, long time since tears had fallen from Nick Wolsey's eyes; but as he watched the sinking moments of his dying wife, they chased each other down his furrowed cheeks in streams, and showed the floodgates of his heart were open. As the sun rose, the spirit of Minamee fled.

"Revenge!" exclaimed the trapper, rising from the side of the dead body of his wife, over which he had mourned for hours. "I'll have such revenge, that in tale or story none can equal. I'll be more bloody than the panther; more cruel than beast or savage of any kind or time. Revenge!" continued he, with a convulsive laugh. "The white man's vengeance shall at least equal the red."

Mounting his small but fleet horse, caught from the wild praire, the trapper turned his head towards the west, and driving his heels into his flanks, galloped, like one reckless of life and limb, to the valley of the Mohawk. There, as he anticipated, he found the tribe from whom his Indian wife had been chosen. Brief was the horrid tale of his wrongs, and as brief his demand for justice.

"Give me," said he, "the murderer, and let me deal with him as I list."

The chiefs listened with that seeming apathy with which they listen to every relation, whether of good or evil; and continued to send volumes of smoke, curling upwards from their lips, as they sat in a circle about the fire, without a perceptible emotion of any kind. At length the elder said, after a long silence, "My white brother says well. Let it be so. Deal with him as you list. Take him hence."

The consent obtained, a howl of savage delight burst from the trapper's breast as he pounced like a galled tiger upon his victim.

"You're mine!" cried he, clutching the remorseless wretch by the throat, and lifting him from the earth in his brawny grasp like a weak, puny child. "You're mine!" repeated he; and as ye gave no mercy, none shall be given ye."

Winding long narrow strips of untanned hide round the shoulders, arms, and wrists of his prisoner, he bound them tight to his body, and fixing one end to his rude stirrup, threw himself upon his horse to retrace his steps at a slow and leisurely pace. The trapper appeared even to select the path with care, so that the prisoner might not be injured by brake or brier in their progress.

In silence—without one word being spoken in that long, long night—they continued on through waste and wild. The unruffled Hudson reflected the clear rays of the moon, bright and unbroken as looking-glass. The refreshing mists rolled along the sides of the highlands in graceful folds, and nothing broke on the ear but the wash of waters and the melancholy note of the whip-poor-will. Just as the first tinge of light streaked the east, the trapper arrived at the door of his cabin; and after securing his prisoner, beyond the chance of escape, to the trunk of a primeval willow hard by, he at once began the task of his unequalled, unheard of revenge. With a hatchet, he cut long and stout branches from the willow, and tying them firmly together with pieces of dried skin, formed a sort of rough, strong basket, resembling a large cradle. When this was complete, he threw his helpless captive into it, at full length, with his face upwards, and, passing strips of hide through the apertures of the cradle from his feet to his neck, bound him fast, that not even a sinew might be moved. Then, taking the corpse of his wife—ill-fated Minamee!—he placed it face to face with his prisoner. The horrified wretch clenched and ground his teeth as the body pressed upon his; but no groan escaped his lips. His blood shot eyes revealed the anguish of his soul, still he would not speak. In a few minutes the living and the dead were lashed together. The breathing man and the putrid corpse, festering in corruption, were as one. When so much of the horrid work was finished, the trapper stood with folded arms, and, with fiendish smile, surveyed the advancement of his task.

"And now to complete it," said he, lifting the load lightly in his arms, and placing it longways on the back of his horse tethered on the greensward. The animal sniffed the air, and would have plunged from his burden had not the well known voice of his master soothed and quieted him. Still he stood with fiery eyeballs and dilated nostrils, ready to fly from his own shadow as he smelt the offensive stench issuing from the cradle. Girding it, in the same fashion as the bodies were bound together round the loins, ribs and neck of the horse, he so contrived to fix it that neither jolt nor jar could move it from the firm position.

"Now my Eagle of the rock," said the trapper addressing his horse—"my untamed unicorn, you shall, for the first time since ye left the prarie grass, feel the effects of the lash;" and taking a punishing switch in his hand, he struck the animal sharply until wrought to a pitch of fury and pain. Flakes of foam flew from his mouth, and streams of perspiration rolled from every pore in his skin. Leaping in the air, like a stricken stag, he strove to snap the bond which held him, and at length with one terrific plunge and cry of terror broke away with the speed of thought, and swept through forest, swamp and wild with madness in every stride. On, on he went. The flood was passed, the prarie gained; still on he went. A wild, piercing shriek broke on the unbounded waste, and lent new fear to the maddened horse. On, on he went. The noontide sun darted his rays, unbroken by leaf or bough, upon the fleeing o'erloaded steed, but still his gallop was unslackened. His skimming shadow became gigantic in the falling light; and still he continued on. The pale moon tipped the thin fleecy clouds with her silver light; and yet his speed was unabated. 'Tis said—but ever in a whisper—by the hunters of the far west, that the horse may still be seen scouring the plains, where the footfall of man is seldom heard, with his load of the living and the dead.

From the Washington Globe.

### GENERAL BROWN.

In the last Globe, allusion was made to the capacity shown by the raw troops of this country, regular and militia, to cope with the veterans of the best army that ever Europe produced. It gives us pleasure to present, from the pen of a friend, who fought throughout the bloodiest campaign of the Canada borders, at the head of a portion of these undisciplined soldiers, the character of the self-made leader to whose genius seconded by their valor, the Union was indebted for its victories.

—

NOTICE OF THE LATE MAJOR GENERAL BROWN.

BY MAJOR GENERAL JESSUP.

Among the eminent men of which our country has been so prolific, the name of the late General Brown stands in bold relief. To form a proper estimate of his merits, however, it is not sufficient that we consider his victories alone, brilliant as they certainly were; but to do full justice to his character, and his abilities as a commander, we should also take into consideration the circumstances of the times, and the situation of country and the army, when he was placed in command.

The campaign of 1813 had terminated to the North in a series of failures and disasters, which, united to our divided counsels and fiscal difficulties, had spread a general gloom over the whole Union. The apprehension began to be extensively entertained that we had so far degenerated from the revolutionary stock in all the higher qualities of the soldier and the citizen, as to be incapable of those efforts of courage and patriotism so necessary to command success. There were not wanting individuals high in political station, and still higher in the confidence of respectable portions of community, who, considering our institutions too feeble for war, ascribed all our disasters to them. Even officers of rank were known publicly to acknowledge that we were inferior to the enemy in all essential military qualities. The military character had so far fallen in public estimation, that in the latter part of 1813, and the early part of 1814, an officer could scarcely pass through a single street in any one of our towns or cities without danger of insult. The military seemed to be identified in the public mind with the idea of cowardice, pusillanimity and dishonor.

General Brown, fully aware of the difficulties which encompassed him, assumed the command of an army as deeply sensible as he was himself of the position it held in public opinion, and determined to wipe off the stigma attached to the military character, or perish in the attempt.

In order to make the most of the admirable spirit which animated the corps he commanded, he resolved immediately on active operations. To the suggestons of the timid, who urged that our raw troops were incapable of contending successfully in the field with the disciplined troops of the enemy, he replied that we were equal to them individually; & there was no reason why we should not equal them collectively. To those who urged that no great object was to be attained by invading Canada from the Niagara, he replied that we could at least do our duty; and if others performed theirs, we should make a powerful diversion in favor of the main army operating upon Lake Champlain; but if we should even fail in that object, we might strike such a blow as to re-establish the military character of the country, which, in his estimation, was worth any sacrifice—even that of the whole corps he commanded.

Having entered the enemy's territory, he set the example of appearing, on all occasions, in uniform, and declared that he would have no skulking under mean disguises. From his example, and that of other chiefs, it became a point of honor with the officers to wear, at all times, whatsoever the country allowed them to wear. The measure operated severely upon them; but its moral effect upon the troops was electric; and it was perhaps, the great spring to the success which followed.

Without the advantages of early education—with no other preparation than that which a vigorous mind, aided by the accidental observation of a few months previous service, had enabled him to make,—he assumed the offensive, at the head of an army of recruits and volunteers; and, opposed by an able general, followed by gallant and veteran battalions, he was the fortunate individual who turned in our favor the tide of victory then running rapidly against us; and by a series of well-fought actions, in which his army was sometimes the assailant, sometimes the assailed, he restored the tarnished military reputation of the country to its original brightness, and won for himself a lasting renown.

There is a moral grandeur in the efforts of unaided intellect forcing its way by its own intrinsic powers, over the conventional barriers of custom and prejudice, to the commanding eminences of society. In times of calm and quiet, those high places are often attained by mediocrity, with even more certainty than by great character or transcendant ability, because, in such times, a course of mean intrigue, of low cunning and base subserviency, is too often necessary to success—a course to which high honor and conscious ability never stoop. But in those times of storm which the history of nations sometimes exhibits—when the tug of war comes, and disaster follows disaster—when the political edifice seems shaken to its centre, and society, as it were resolved into its elements,—then it is that the insect tribe are brushed away, and eagle spirits soar; then it is that those master spirits qualified to mark and distinguish the period in which they live step forth and assume, by general suffrage, the stations which nature intended they should occupy.

The plain, the unassuming Brown was one of those master spirits. It is impossible for those who knew him only in the bosom of society to form a conception of the astonishing grasp of his intellect, or of his great moral intrepidity. Calm, cool, collected, and self-possessed, he was not to be shaken by any circumstances, however unforseen or appalling. Fertile in expedients, he kept his antagonist in a state of constant alarm; with a soundness of judgment and a quickness of perception rarely surpassed, he fathomed the plans of the enemy as if by intuition, and perceived all his faults in an instant; and prompt in his decisions, he never failed to strike at the proper time, and with the most decisive effect.

WASHINGTON CITY, April, 1828.

The Western Reserve College, Ohio contains two hundred and twenty six students. The manual labor system is adopted in this institution.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### PLANTING CORN.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Through the columns of your valuable paper, I hope to make known an experiment which I adopted last season, in the culture of corn. In the first place, I ridged my land on the first of May—then I took one bushel of lime, one of plaster, one of salt, and one of ashes, and mixed them all well together—then I dug the hole for the hill, and in each place I put as much of the composition as you could hold in one hand; then I put the corn on top, and covered it lightly with earth. The effect produced was astonishing. It is also a preventive against the grub, and all other insects which inhabit the corn-field.

I would recommend to those who should happen to try the above process, that if they could not spend time sufficient to put it into the hill, to place it on the surface as soon as the corn begins to show itself; and if the land is in a tolerable condition, I will warrant them an extra crop.

In planting the corn, in which I tried the experiment, I slipped now and then a hill in which I neglected to put the composition; and it was perceptible as far as you could see over the field. I think there was not a hill missing in the whole field where I put the composition—but where neglected it was destroyed by the grub in a great measure.

This composition draws from the atmosphere, carbonic acid gas, which is one of the most essential properties of matter in the growth of all vegetable productions. It all absorbs, on an average, four times its weight in water.

Upon a dry, sandy soil, it will prevent in a great measure, the effects of the drought which we are subject to in the months of July and August—when moisture is very necessary for the setting of the ear. J. L.

*Brookfield, Conn.*

### MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.

1. The farmer ought to rise early to see that others do so, and that both his example is followed and his orders obeyed. 2. The whole farm should be regularly inspected, and not only every field examined but every beast seen, at least once a day. 3. In a considerable farm it is of the utmost consequence to have hands especially appropriated for each of the most important departments of labor, for there is often a great loss of time where persons are frequently changing their employment, and the work is not executed so well. 4. Every means should be thought of to diminish labor, or to increase its power; for instance, by proper arrangement five hands may do as much as six persons, according to the usual mode of employing them. 5. A farmer ought not to engage in a work, whether of ordinary practice, or internal improvement, except after the most careful inquiries; but when begun he ought to proceed in it with much attention and perseverence, until he has given it a fair trial. 6. It is a main object in management not to attempt too much, and never to begin a work without a probability of being able to finish it in due season. 7. Every farmer should have a book for inserting all those useful hints which are so frequently occurring in conversation, in books, and gathered in the course of his reading, or in a practical management of his farm.

### POULTRY.

The celebrated agriculturist, Arthur Young, says, "the poultry house should contain an apartment for the general stock to roost in, another for setting, a third for fattening, and a fourth for food. If the scale is larger, there should be a fifth for plucking and keeping feathers. If a woman is kept purposely to attend them, she should have her cottage contiguous, that the smoke of her chimney may play upon the roosting and setting rooms, poultry never thriving so well as in warmth and smoke; an observation as old as Columella, and strongly confirmed by the quantity bred in the smokey cabins of Ireland.

"Tom, wot's monimany?"—"Wy, you see Dick, wen a poor fellow steals, its called larceny'—but when its a rich 'un, the jury says it's 'monimany,' and they can't 'elp it; that's it."